

R E V I E W.

Saturday, February 14. 1713.

It is in vain for a Man that has any Remains of Original Corruption in him, as I acknowledge to have, to resolve to hold his Peace in a Day so Distracted, and among Parties so furious as

remember very well what I saw with a sad Heart, *I was but Young*, I mean the Fire of London. That Endeavours having been fruitlessly used to abate Fire, the People even gave it over, and the deering Citizens look'd on and saw the Devastation their Dwellings, with a kind of Stupidity, caused Amazement; if any People, *still forward for the sick Good*, made any Attempts, the Water they cast in it, made it rage with the more Fury and boil like oil, till scorch'd with the Flames from every side, tired with the fruitless Labour, they gave over, others had done before them; and what was the Sequence?—The Incendiaries that began the Lish Work, went on with it, and the whole City laid in Ashes.

I think the Case very Parallel; as far as I am concern'd, I confess, I look on with Amazement upon the raging Fury of our Parties, and with dreadful apprehensions of the Consequences, and I see the Print. Incendiaries of both sides feeding the Flame, and sowing Combustibles every day upon the Fire of our Passions, which are already enflamed, even to madness.——And to what purpose should any Man dle with them any more?

In pursuit of this Thought, I entred upon my beloved Subject of Trade, in which I thought I might render my self useful to you all, if you were in Temper to receive it.——I expected to have been forgotten among your Broiling and Railing, and thought I had effectually made my retreat.——I said of your want Temper, as old Jacob said of his Sons, *Cursed our Divisions, for they are Fierce, and your Party se, for it is cruel.*

While I contemplated with all the Tenderness and noble Affection, the Miseries of my Native Country, Torn to Pieces by the Vultures and Tygers of Parties.——I saw as a Vision, a strange Sight, *A Stranger*, a Single Man, venturing, *as I had done*, to cast himself among the thickest, and Cry *Peace*, and wondering what would be the Issue of

such a Desperate Undertaking, I looked more earnestly, expecting to see his Fate: He was a bold *BRITAIN*, and seem'd resolv'd to go on: But alas! said I to him, *Honest Britain*, unless thou hast with thee some supernatural Power, some of that Voice, who when he said to the Winds and Seas, *Peace, be still*, could immediately cause them to be so; *it is in vain*.——And I find others have told him so as well as I: But still he goes on.——Well, tho' I despair for him of any Success, yet the willing Peace-maker shall never want my Blessing; *May he go on and prosper*; only in his best Success, let him, like the Men that attempted to quench the Fire of London, expect to be scorch'd with the Flames of the Parties, *on every side*, abandon'd even by those that wish well to his Design, Laugh'd at by those whose Madness he reprovves, and Insulted by those he may Sacrifice himself to serve.

But to descend to the Case in Hand; while I am talking seriously of the Dreadful Animosities among us, and my concern to see Things brought to such a Miserable State, while I was representing the Inhumane Way which our Neighbour Protestants make War, and only added the Apprehensions I am in, that our Heats aim at Things of like kind, an Observation, I fear, I have too much Reason to make.——Behold, both sides fall upon me, and with equal Justice and Humanity, one Bullies me for Injuring the Episcopal Party in *Scotland*, and the other, will have me be in a Plot with the *Examiner*, for a general Massacre.

I thank God, I have learn'd from the Example of our blessed Saviour, where an Impotent Scandalous Charge is brought, to answer it by Silence, that is, Contempt. My Injury is nothing, but how can I forbear to review, with just concern, the Temper that at this time reigns among us, and which tends, so much, to our Destruction?

Here are two enflaming *Incendiaries*, busily at work to set the Nation in a Flame; *Post Boy*, and *Flying Post*.——O that Men would Remember the blessed Words of the Scripture in this very Case!——*Mark those that sow Divisions among you*. The Temper with which these Men act, is so Furious, and has so little of Peace in it, or Christianity, that no Man can avoid saying, It is apparent they push at Publick Confusion;

en; and, I fear, they will bring it to pass: Nothing appears in them, but *Envy, Wrath, Strife*, and all *Uncharitableness*; they Blat with their Breath, Reproach without Ground, Revile without Sense, Condemn without Crime, determine every one's Meaning by their own Malice, and this on *both sides*: One cries FIRE, and the other cries MURDER: One Insults the Whigs, and tells them, *their Ruine is near*, and bids them die with Decency, and become their Fall. The Whig returns upon this, and charges them with Designing a general Massacre, and brings up all the Old Stories to our Minds, when the Papists were to cut our Throats, as if this was now the Author's Meaning, and the Parties real Design. — Indeed, *The Examiner* may thank himself for putting his Bitterness into no better Words than would bear such an uncharitable Construction; nor could he expect a Man, who makes no Difficulty or Conscience of determining Men's Meanings his own way, would put any better Construction upon it.

On the other Hand, What Fits of Raving possess them again? One cries Fire, and says the Dissenters fired the City, a Thing, I confess, very probable, because there were none but *Tory Houses Burn'd*, and all the Dissenters were left standing. The other Cries out, the Pretender and Popery; *God knows how it is!* but, I'll put it fair between them both.

IF HALF that Author says is true, the Queen, the Ministry, are the Nations worst Enemies, and are all in a Plot with the Pretender, to ruine this Nation; all those that joy with them are Traitors to God and their Country, and every Honest Man ought to be against them. On the other Hand, IF HALF he says is false, and form'd in his own Head, as I fear, his Conscience must own; — What must that Man have to answer for, to him who has commanded us, *as much as in us lies, to live peaceably with all Men?* What a dreadful Account must he have to make, for endeavouring to involve his Native Country in Blood, and for embroiling the whole Nation? How ought he to joyn my Lord Rochester's Confession to his Penitentials, — *I am a Rascal, that thou knowest!*

Now among the People who are privy to the Plot, which this Man says is in Hand, to Murder and Massacre the Protestants, he brings in the *Review*, he might as well have charged him with being a Highway-man. — For this he quotes my Words of Feb. 10. which I willingly own, and voluntarily repeat, and leave the World to judge whether he ought to charge me with being a Murderer, because of them. My Words are these;

Time will, I believe, open our Eyes, and we shall in a few Years see such Overturnings in the State of Human Things, that would make you fancy me Enthusiastick, if I should enter into them, and therefore I wave it now. *Review*, Numb. 36.

Now, see how the uncharitable *Flying Post* falls upon these Words, to hook the *Review* into a Plot with the *Examiner*.

Whereas I expressly say, *a Few Years*; He begs the Question, to make his Scandal tell well, and condemns me by *Inuendo*, an old exploded *Tory* Practice, viz. That it may be read in a few Months;

Excellent Justice! and consistent with Christiana very much: He would be loth to be tryed at *Old Hall*, or the *Old Baily*, and have his Indictment rev'd by *Inuendi*, as he proves his Charge upon me.

Nor would I have him used as he uses me, To writ Words to a Sense they never were design'd and in Justice will not bear: I wish him to remember that time, which is also coming, when that Word of our Lord shall be made Good, for the Terrific Men, *Judge Righteous Judgement, for with the Measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.*

But to leave Incendiaries and false Accusers on their side to their own Fate, not for his Sake whose *lumny* I value not, but for Truth's Sake, and the Sake of Honest Lovers of Truth, I claim it as my due and every Man's just due, viz. To explain my Words which he calls Dark; and by this Explanation I will stand, let the Enemies of this Paper make the best of it.

I do acknowledge, that from the Unchristian manner with which Protestants make War abroad, which, in that *Review*, I had been at large speaking, and from the dreadful Spirit of Rage, Division, Party Fury, which is broken out among us, at *Home*, the like of which, I believe, was never read of before, and have long expected, that there will be terrible Judgments of God, and overturning of Nations thro' all Europe, within these few Years, such I said, I cared not to mention; because, I know, the Age is apt to ridicule all such Things, as the Effects of Melancholly, &c. — And in this matter I stand not alone, but have many Worthy, Good, Great Men of my Opinion, *Vide Mr. Fleming's Story of Hereditary Right*, p. 152.

However, That this Son of Slander and Envy may have no *Inuendoes* upon me, I'll tell him in plain Words, what I mean by these Overturnings, as they relate to us; and other meaning I could not be reasonably supposed to have.

First, I do seriously believe these Animosities: Heats are arived to such an implacable Height, that the Parties are so aggravated against one another, that it is impossible, God's infinite Mercy excepted, that it can end without BLOOD; I mean War, Fighting, and Destruction at Home.

2. I do believe, no War ever began with more victory, and implacable Fury, or was carried on with more Inhumanity and Barbarity, than such a War would be. I do verily believe either Party would think selling one another to the *Turks*, or *done now by the Muscovites to the Swedes*, or *Buying out the Sick*, and the Women in Labour, or *Swedes to the Danes at Altena*, too little for one another.

Lastly, I do verily believe, That if this is not our Fate, and that in a few Years, some other terrible Judgment of God will break out upon this Nation, to reconcile these furious Parties, by their Suffering and to cause them to remember from whence they were fallen, and Repent.

This was the true and only meaning of my Words; as to that Slanderer, who has paid his unjust Sentence upon them by *Inuendo*, I answer him in short — *The Lord Rehears thee, Thou Lying Spirit!*